

Last WILL and TESTAMENT

OF A

JACOBITE.

7. July. 1692.

TIR'D out with Hopes, with fruitless Wishes cloy'd
 Of what's impossible to be enjoy'd;
 Sicknes my Body seizes; and each hour
 Death waits my lingring Carcass to devour.

Greif is the Cause of all; it frets my Soul
 To see our Plots so fenceless and so dull,
 To think, that Men, who take such mighty Pains,
 Should have their Heads stuff'd with unthinking Brains,
 That Fleets and Armies, which design'd to Come,
 To root out *Herefy*, and bring in *Rome*;
 Restore King *James*, and his Imperious *Dame*
 With the *Welch Prince*, that Puny Son of Fame;
 By Heavens Decree alone are Baffled, Crost,
 And *Tourville* our best Ships and Men has lost,
 While *Russel* rides, as Bulwark of our Coast.

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Mourn, Mourn, Ye *Jacobites*, our lost Estate,
 Each day, each hour, misfortunes do's Create;
 The Name of *Jacobite*, now grows abhor'd,
 And *James* despis'd, that once was so ador'd;
 Whose Spouse repines, that she shall ne're Return,
 To see in *Smirb-seild* flames new Martyr's Burn.

But ah! my Ebbing Sand is almost spent,
 'Tis time, that I should make my Settlement.

Imprimis, to my dear King *James*, I Give
 My Loyalty, to whom till Death I Cleave,
 To whose dear Interest firm, I always Stood
 Plotted, Caball'd, as much as e're I Cou'd;
 Yet, ne'r could reinstate him in his Throne,
 The *Williamites* so powerful are Grown.

To his dear Son, I give my whole Estate,
 And such a Gift, may never come to late;
 For if he lives hee'l Jump (such are my fears)
 To Croud into the Band of Pensioners.

To *Lewis*, who Combines with *Turk* and *Dive*,
 To Plague all Christendom, I must be Civil;
 His love must not be to my *James* forgot,
 Besides, he was assisting in our Plot.

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To him my honesty I do bequeath,
'Tis well if he'l but Prove so at his Death.

Tourville, shall have my Conduct and my Wit,
To manage, if he can, another Fleet;
But, oh! his darling *Sun* so deep is set,
No loss could be more fatal, and more Great.

To *Numskul Peters*, I resign my Brains,
Who to undoe his King, took so much Pains,
And *Jebu* like brought on so fast his Dance,
That in a Whirlwind hurried him to France.

Let the dispensing Judges take my Tongue,
To them alone that Talent does belong,
Who when they should do right, did always wrong. }
Invert the Laws for Arbitrary Power,
And over rule what was true Law before.

Suspended *Ely*, shall have my Religion,
Who from a *Maggie* turns a down right *Wigeon*,
For since that Prelate left us in the Lurch,
To tell the Truth, I ne're have been at Church.

Me thinks my Hands would Canting *Penn* become,
Who under mask of *Quaker* writes for *Rome*;
And strove to abolish *Penal Laws* and *Test*,
As if those things were nothing but a Jest.

To *Pulton* and the *Jesuitick* Crew,
To Kingdoms fatal, and their Precepts True,
Daily for Converts to their Church they strove;
But Baffled by the Almighty Power above:
All the *Throats* joyn'd together in the Nation,
Could never swallow Transubstantiation.
My knife their darling Weapon, I dispose
To end, that Race of *Europe's* Bloody foes.

The *French* may take my Legs, that they may run,
As the ingenious *Teague-Landers* have done.

But now Death summons, and I must away,
My Glass is run, and I can only say,
Forbear against King *William* to Rebel,
Ye are all in the wrong Box, and so farewell.

E P I T A P H.

Exit.

Under this Tombstone, lies a Jacobite,
A discontented, factious, railing Wight,
Mistaken Zeal, led the fond Fool along,
Lo! Here he lies Interr'd, with Gabriel John.